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sciousness, and the mind must be capable of turning its thought in upon itself and upon all that springs out of it. *For it is thought that constitutes the real intrinsic nature of the spirit.* In this thinking consciousness of and about itself and its productions, no matter how much freedom and self-will, in fact, it may have, (provided it is only true therein,) yet the spirit holds itself commensurate to its real nature. Art and its productions, as that which has sprung from and been generated by the spirit, are themselves of a spiritual essence, although their representation assumes the appearance of the external sensible and pervades that external throughout with traces of the spirit.

In this relation, Art lies nearer the mind and its thought than mere external soulless nature; the productions of Art have to do only with their own. And although the creations of Art are not thought and comprehension, but rather a development of the comprehension out of itself, and what may be designated an estrangement or segregation from that which we receive from the senses, yet the power and might of the thinking spirit lies therein, not perhaps apprehending itself in its own peculiar form as thinking, but in such a way as to again recognize itself—in its negation of perception and the sense impressions; in other words, to apprehend itself in its altered condition, while it changes that which we have designated as estrangement to thought, and thus returns to itself. And the thinking spirit while thus employed with its other self, will not, indeed, become so untrue to itself, as to forget and lose itself therein, nor is it so powerless as not to comprehend what is different from it; but, on the contrary, it apprehends itself and its opposite. For the comprehension is the power of generalization, which preserves itself in the midst of its severances—extending its grasp over itself and its duplicate, and thus has the power and capacity to again do away with that estrangement or segregation to which it was previously progressing. Thus does the created of Art, in which thought negates itself, belong to the realm of the comprehending faculty of the spirit, and while it subjects itself to scientific consideration, satisfies by thus doing its own most peculiar nature. For since thinking is its being and domain of action, it is finally only satisfied when all the products of its activity are saturated with thought, and thus are truly transformed into its own nature. Art, however far removed (as we shall more distinctly see) from being the highest form of the spirit, first receives from science its genuine verification.

Thus Art does not from an arbitrary lawlessness refuse itself to philosophic consideration. For, as we have already intimated, its real mission is to subject the highest interests of the spirit to consciousness. Hence it arises, directly as it regards its intrinsic matter, that the Fine Art cannot range about in the unfettered wildness of the fantasy, for those interests of the spirit establish certain determinable halting points for the matter of its contents, let the forms and figures be ever so various and inexhaustible. The same observation will apply to the forms themselves—they are not abandoned

to mere accident. It is not every form that is capable of representing and expressing those interests—to take them up and again render them—and for every determinate mass of contents a suitable form is also determined.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

ERRATA.—In the number for June, article "Æsthetics," on page 166, second column, 16th line from the bottom, instead of "when art," read simply "art," omitting the word *when*. On page 167, first column, 24th line from the top, strike out the words "if denied."

WOULD YOU?

COULD you keep the tints of spring
On the woods, a mist of brightness;
Keep the half-veiled boughs a-swing
To some fitting wild-bird's lightness;
Through the birch-leaves' rippling green
Hold the maple-keys from dropping;
On the sward with May-showers clean
Cheat the violets into stopping;

COULD you make the rosebud's lips
Vow to be a bud forever;
From the sedges' wavering tips
Let the pendent dew drop never;
Could you bid the sunrise hour
For a life-time overbrood you;
Could you change the year's full dower
For its first faint promise—would you?

THOUGH a bubbling cup we quaff
From the crystal fount of morning,
When the world is all a laugh
And a welcome without warning,
At life's Cana-feast the guest
Lingering on, with thirst unsated,
Finds a later draught the best;
Miracles—when thou hast waited.

THOUGHT must shade and sun the soul
With its glorious mutations;
Every life-song is a whole
Sweeter for its variations.
Wherefore with your bliss at strife?
'Twas an angel that withstood you.
Could you give your perfect life
For a dream of living—would you?

LUCY LAROOM.

MANY have yet to learn the apparently simple truth, that to an Artist his Art is his means of probation in this life; and that, whatever it may have of frivolity to us, to him it is as the two or the five talents, to be accounted for hereafter. I might say much on this point, for the full scope of the word Art seems by some to be even now unrecognized. Before the period of printing, Art was the largest mode of permanently recording human thought; it was spoken in every epoch, in all countries, and delivered in almost every material. In buildings, on medals and coins, in porcelain and earthenware, on wood, ivory, parchment, paper and canvas, the graver or the pencil has recorded the ideas of every form of society, of every variety of race, and of every character. What wonder that the Artist is jealous of his craft, and proud of his brotherhood?—*Dr. Acand.*